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FIRST READER

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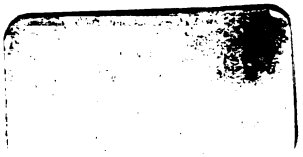

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THE SUMMERS READERS

FIRST READER

BY

MAUD SUMMERS

ILLUSTRATED FROM ORIGINAL DRAWINGS BY

LUCY FITCH PERKINS

AND

MARION L. MAHONY

FRANK D. BEATTYS AND COMPANY
NEW YORK

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"The Little Red Apple" (Adapted).

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"WHEN the school introduces and trains each child of society into membership within a little community, saturating him with the spirit of service, and providing him with the instruments of effective self-direction, we shall have the deepest and best guarantee of a larger society which is worthy, lovely, and harmonious."

JOHN DEWEY.

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THE LITTLE RED APPLE.

Once there was a little red apple.
It was high up in a tree.
A little girl saw the apple.
"Oh, Apple!" she said. "Come down to me."

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But the little red apple did not hear her, for it was fast asleep.

The bright sun came out.

"Oh, Sun! Dear Sun!" said the little girl. "Will you waken the apple?"

The sun kissed the apple, but it did not fall down.

A little bird sat upon the bough of a tree.

"Little Bird, can you waken the apple?"

The bird sang a pretty song, but that did not waken the apple.

"Here comes West Wind," said the little girl. "He will waken the apple for me."

West Wind shook the tree and down fell the apple.

"Thank you, West Wind," said the little girl.

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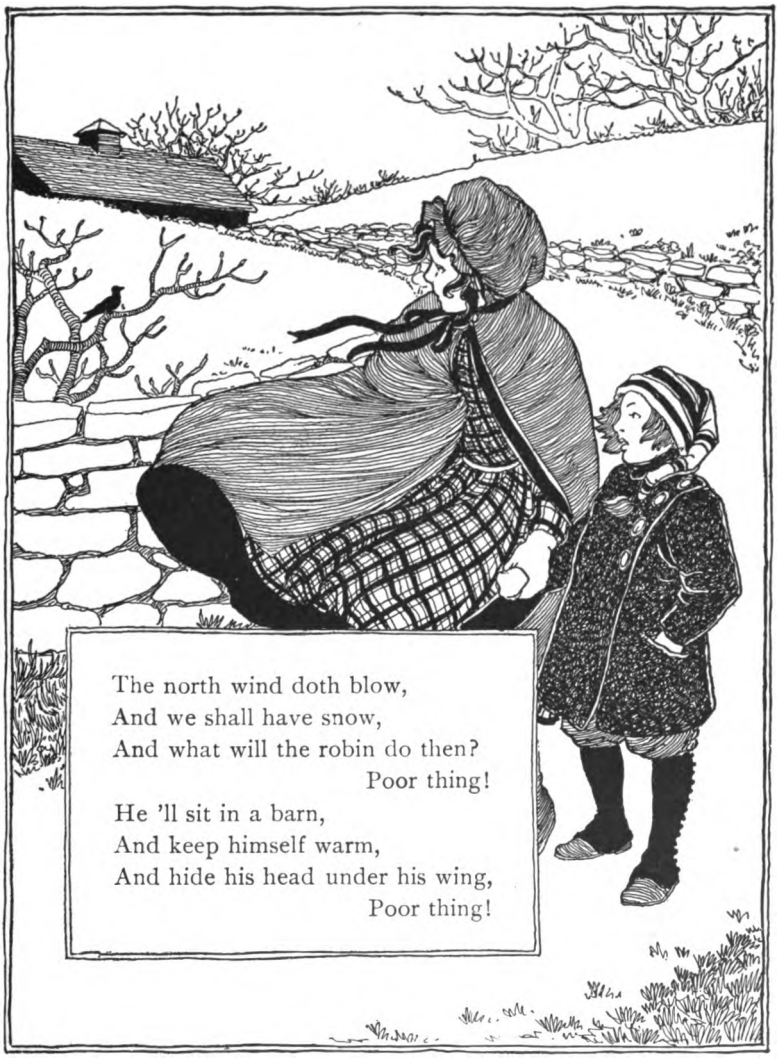
The north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will the robin do then?
Poor thing!
He 'll sit in a barn,
And keep himself warm,
And hide his head under his wing,
Poor thing!

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THE WIND AND THE SUN.

One day West Wind blew the tops
of the trees.
He blew the corn in the fields.
He blew the apples off the trees.
Just then the bright sun came out.
"I am stronger than you," said West
Wind.
"No! I am stronger than you," said
the sun.
Then West Wind said, "Do you see
that man?
He has on a warm coat.
I can make the man take it off."
"Can you?" said the sun.
West Wind blew, and blew, and blew.
But the man did not take off his coat.
"This is a cold wind," he said.

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"Now it is my turn," said the sun.
"I can make the man take off his coat."
"Do it," said West Wind.
The sun came out very hot.
Soon the man took off his coat.
"The sun is very hot," he said.

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THE WIND.

Who has seen the wind?
Neither I nor you;
But when the leaves hang
trembling
The wind is passing through.

Who has seen the wind?
Neither you nor I;
But when the trees bow down
their heads
The wind is passing by.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

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SOMETHING TO TELL.

Who has seen the wind?
Who can sing the wind song?
When do the leaves hang trembling?
When do the trees bow their heads?
What work does North Wind do?
What work does South Wind do?
What work does East Wind do?
What work does West Wind do?

What does the sun do in spring?
What does the sun do in summer?
What does the sun do in autumn?
What does the sun do in winter?
Did the sun make the apple fall?
Did the wind make the man take off his coat?
Is the sun stronger than the wind?

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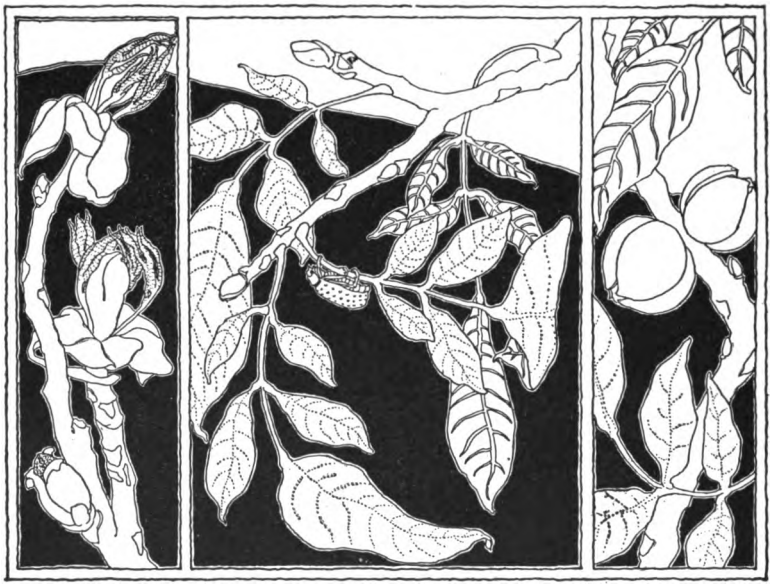

MOTHER TREE AND THE LEAVES.

One day Mother Tree said
to the leaf-buds,
"Winter will soon be here.
I have made you warm winter coats."
Mother Tree put a coat around
every leaf-bud.

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"Sunshine will keep you warm,"
she said.
"So I have put some sunshine
in every coat."
Soon all the leaf-buds went to sleep
for the winter.
Then Mother Tree said to the little
green leaves,
"Now your work is over.
Take off your green dresses.
Jack Frost will be here to-night.
He will give you bright red
and yellow dresses."

II

In the morning Mother Tree said,
"Waken, dear leaves.

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It is time to get up.
See! Here are red and yellow
dresses for you.
Now you may fly away to play
in the brown fields."
Just then North Wind passed by.
He saw the leaves hang trembling
on Mother Tree.
"Come!" said North Wind.
"Come with me."
"Goodby, dear Mother Tree,"
said the leaves as they flew away.
Over the brown fields they went
with North Wind.
All day they danced and sang
in the brown fields.
When night came they went to sleep.
Soon they were covered with the soft
white snow.

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THE LITTLE PINE TREE.

Once there was a little pine tree.
It had long green needles.
"I wish I had leaves,"
said the pine tree.
"I do not like needles.
I should like leaves of gold."
By and by night came.
The little pine tree went to sleep.

II

In the morning the pine tree
had leaves of gold.
"How happy I am!" said the pine tree.
"See what pretty leaves I have!"
Soon a man came into the woods.
He put all the gold leaves into a bag.

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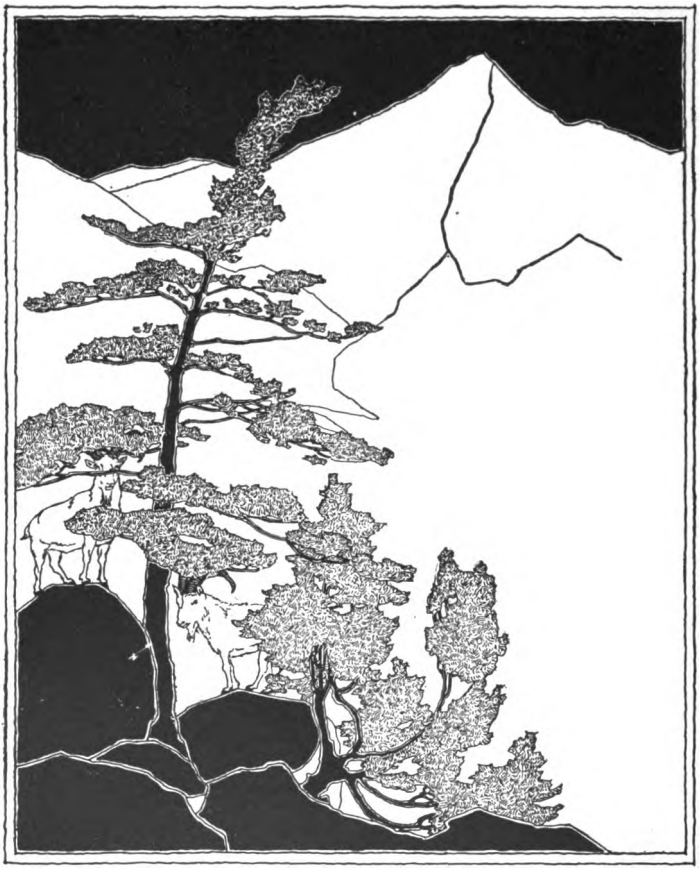

Then the poor tree had no leaves.
"Oh! What shall I do?"
said the tree.
"I do not like gold leaves.

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I wish I had leaves of glass."
Again it was night.
The little pine tree went to sleep.

III

In the morning the tree had leaves
of glass.
"Now I am happy," said the pine tree.
Just then the wind blew the tree.
It blew all the leaves off the tree.
They fell down and were broken.
"Oh! My pretty glass leaves,"
said the poor tree.
"See! They are all broken.
I do not like leaves of glass.
I wish I had green leaves."
Again night came.
The little pine tree went to sleep.

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IV

In the morning the tree had pretty
green leaves.
"I am happy now," said the pine tree.
"I have green leaves like the other
trees."
By and by a little goat came
into the woods.
Soon the goat ate all the leaves
off the tree.
Poor little pine tree!
Again it had no leaves.
"I wish I had my long green needles,"
said the tree.
"How happy I should be
with needles!"
Night came.
Again the pine tree went to sleep.

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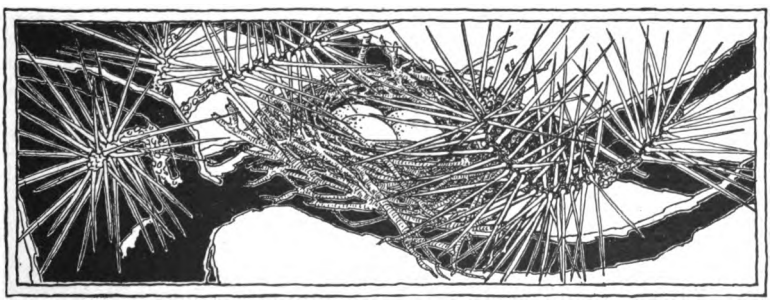
V

In the morning it had long green needles.
The pine tree was very happy.
Two little birds flew into the tree.
They made a nest in the long green needles.
"I will never wish for leaves again," said the pine tree.
"A man took my gold leaves.
The wind broke my glass leaves.
A goat ate my green leaves.
Needles are best for a little pine tree."



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THE ANT AND THE DOVE.

A little ant fell into the water.
"Oh, help! Help!" said the ant.
A dove was in a tree near by.
She dropped a leaf into the water.
"Here, little ant, is a leaf.
Climb upon it," said the dove.

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Soon the ant came to the shore.
"Thank you, pretty dove,"
said the ant.
"Some day I will help you."

II

One day the dove was in a tree
near her nest.
A man came into the woods with a gun.
He tried to shoot the dove.
The ant passed by and saw him.
"Oh, the poor dove!" said the ant.
"How can I help her?"
She ran to the man and bit his foot.
"Oh, my foot! My foot!" said the man.
Then he ran out of the woods.
"Thank you," said the dove.
"You have helped me, little friend."

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STOP, STOP, PRETTY WATER!

"Stop, stop, pretty water!"
Said Mary one day,
To a bright, happy brook
That was running away.

"You run on so fast!
I wish you would stay;
My boat and my flowers
You will carry away.

But I will run after:
Mother says that I may;
For I would know where
You are running away."

So Mary ran on;
But I have heard say,
That she never could find
Where the brook ran away.

ELIZA LEE FOLLEN.

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THE BROOK.

One day some raindrops fell
out of the sky.
They went running down a hillside.
By and by they came to a bright,
happy brook.
"Stop, stop, pretty water!"
said the raindrops.
"Where are you going?"
"I am going to the sea,"
said the brook.
"I can not stop. I have work to do.
I water the grass and the flowers.
The cows come here to drink.
I make a home for the fishes.
The birds like my pure cold water.
The boys and the girls come here
to play.

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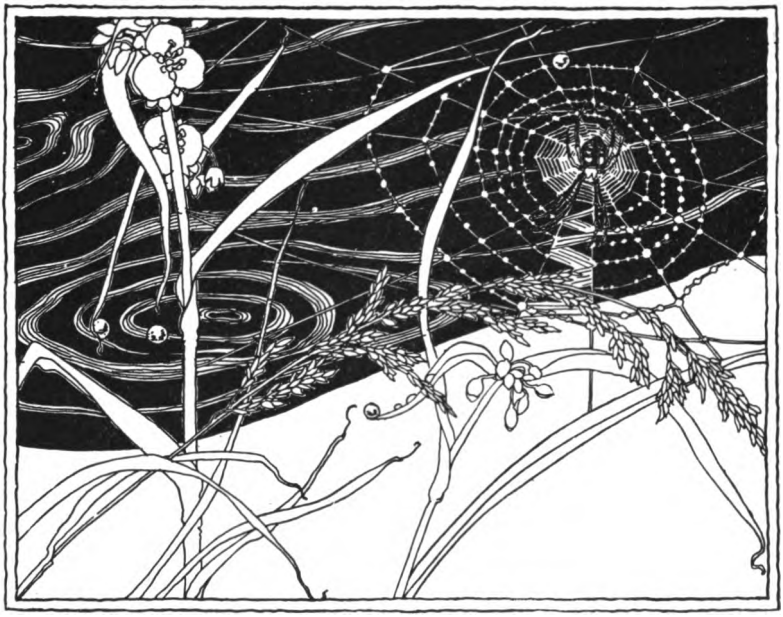

There are other little brooks.
They all go my way, so we run on together."

"We will go with you, too,"
said the raindrops.

So away they went with the bright, happy brook.

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THE THREE BEARS.

One day Golden Locks went
into the woods.
She came to a little house.
It was the home of three bears.
Father Bear was a big bear.
Mother Bear was a middle-sized bear.
Baby Bear was a little bear.
The three bears were not at home.
So Golden Locks went into the house.

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II

Golden Locks saw three bowls
of milk.
There was a big bowl.
That was for Father Bear.
There was a middle-sized bowl.
That was for Mother Bear.
There was a little bowl.
That was for Baby Bear.
She tasted the milk in the big bowl.
It was too hot.
She tasted the milk in the middle-
sized bowl.
It was too cold.
She tasted the milk in the little bowl.
It was just right.
So she drank all of it.

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III

Golden Locks saw three chairs.
There was a big chair.
That was for Father Bear.
There was a middle-sized chair.
That was for Mother Bear.
There was a little chair.
That was for Baby Bear.

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She sat in the big chair.
It was too hard.
She sat in the middle-sized chair.
It was too soft.
She sat in the little chair.
But the little chair broke,
and Golden Locks fell down.

IV

Then Golden Locks saw three beds.
There was a big bed.
That was for Father Bear.
There was a middle-sized bed.
That was for Mother Bear.
There was a little bed.
That was for Baby Bear.
She lay down on the big bed.
It was too hard.

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She lay down on the middle-sized bed.
It was too soft.
She lay down on the little bed.
It was just right.
So she fell fast asleep.

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V

Soon the three bears came home.
Father Bear said, in a big voice,

"SOME ONE HAS BEEN TASTING MY MILK."

Mother Bear said, in a voice not so big,

"SOME ONE HAS BEEN TASTING MY MILK."

Baby Bear said, in a little voice,

"SOME ONE HAS BEEN TASTING MY MILK, AND IT IS ALL GONE."

VI

Then Father Bear said, in a big voice,

"SOME ONE HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR."

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Mother Bear said, in a voice
not so big,
"SOME ONE HAS BEEN SITTING
IN MY CHAIR."

Baby Bear said, in a little voice,
"SOME ONE HAS BEEN SITTING
IN MY CHAIR, AND HAS BROKEN IT."

VII

Then Father Bear said, in a big voice,
**"SOME ONE HAS BEEN LYING
ON MY BED."**

Mother Bear said, in a voice
not so big,
"SOME ONE HAS BEEN LYING ON MY BED."

Baby Bear said, in a little voice,
"SOME ONE HAS BEEN LYING ON MY BED,
HERE SHE IS, FAST ASLEEP."

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VIII

Just then Golden Locks sat up
in bed.
She saw the three bears looking at her.
She jumped off the bed.
Then she ran out of the house.
She ran home as fast as she could.

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THE FOX AND THE CROW.

One day a crow flew into a tree.
She had some cheese.
Just then a fox came along.
"I must have that cheese,"
    said the fox.
He looked up at the crow and said,
    "How pretty you are!
    Can you sing, pretty bird?"
The crow sang, "Caw! Caw! Caw!"
Down fell the cheese.
Then the fox ran off with it.

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CHICKEN LITTLE.

One day Chicken Little
was in the woods.
A nut fell on her head.
"Oh, oh! The sky is falling,"
said Chicken Little,
"I must run and tell the king."
So she ran, and she ran.
On the way she met Henny Penny.

II

"Where are you going?" said
Henny Penny.
"The sky is falling," said Chicken
Little.
"I am going to tell the king."

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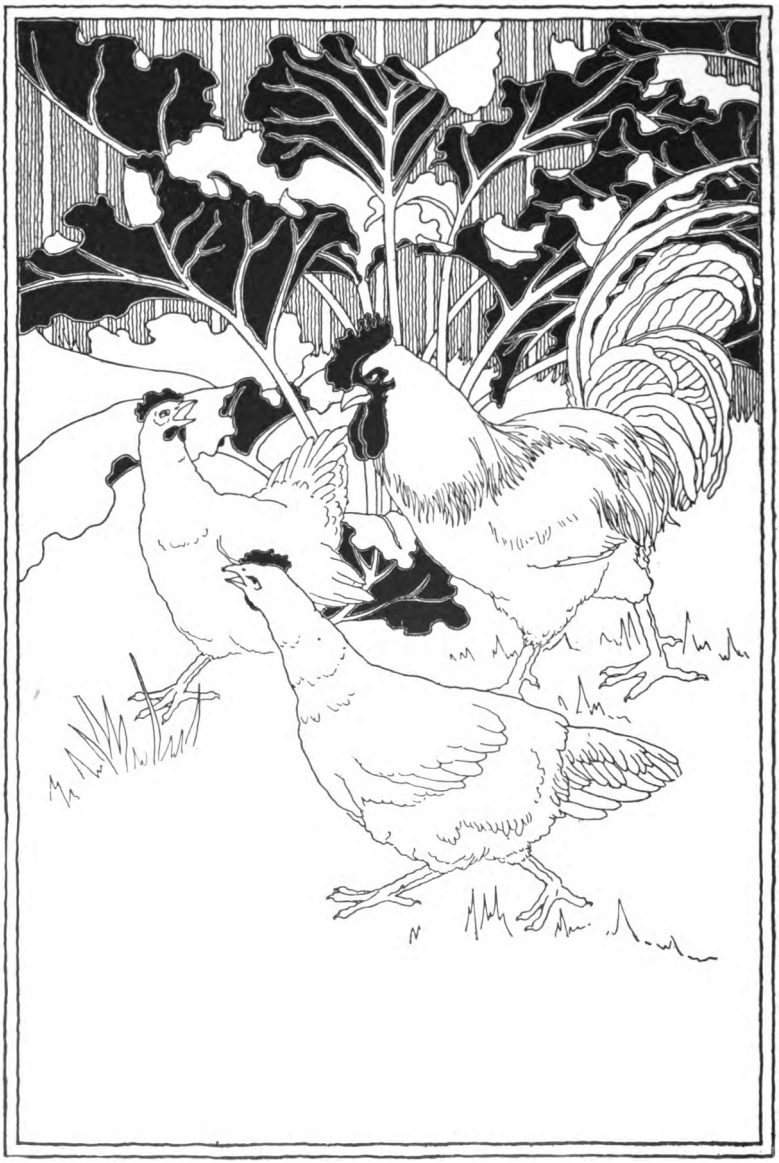

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"I will go with you," said Henny Penny.
So Chicken Little and Henny Penny ran, and ran, and ran.
At last they met Cocky Locky.

III

"Where are you going?" said Cocky Locky.
"Oh, oh! The sky is falling," they said.
"We are going to tell the king."
"I will go with you," said Cocky Locky.
So Chicken Little and Henny Penny and Cocky Locky ran and ran.
When they came to some water, they saw Ducky Lucky.

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IV

"Where are you going?" said Ducky Lucky.

"The sky is falling," they said. "We are going to tell the king."

"I will go with you," said Ducky Lucky. "We must run fast."

So Chicken Little, Henny Penny, Cocky Locky and Ducky Lucky ran, and ran.

At the top of the hill they met Turkey Lurkey.

V

"Where are you going?" said Turkey Lurkey.

"The sky is falling," they said.

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"We are going to tell the king."

"I will go with you," said Turkey Lurkey.

So Chicken Little, Henny Penny, Cocky Locky, Ducky Lucky, and Turkey Lurkey, ran down the hill.

Foxy Loxy heard them and ran out of his den.

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VI

"Where are you going?" said Foxy Loxy.
"Oh, oh! The sky is falling," they said.
"We are going to tell the king."
"Come with me," said Foxy Loxy.
"I will take you to the king."
So Chicken Little, Henny Penny,
Cocky Locky, Ducky Lucky,
and Turkey Lurkey, went
with Foxy Loxy.
He took them into his den, and they
never saw the king.

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THE SWING.

How do you like to go up in a swing,
    Up in the air so blue?
Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing
    Ever a child can do!

Up in the air and over the wall,
    Till I can see so wide,
Rivers and trees and cattle and all
    Over the countryside—

Till I look down on the garden green,
    Down on the roof so brown—
Up in the air I go flying again,
    Up in the air and down!

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

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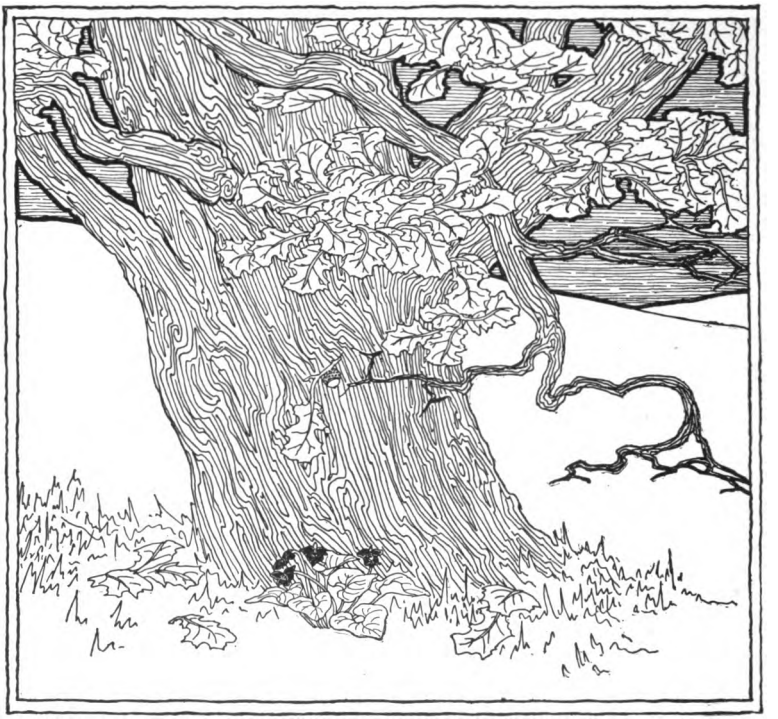

THE KIND OLD OAK.

It was time for winter to come.
There was no green grass
in the fields.
The birds were all in the South.

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Under an old oak-tree, there were
some sweet blue violets.
"Dear oak-tree," said they.
"Winter will soon be here.
We are afraid of the cold."
"Do not be afraid, pretty violets,"
said the oak.
"Go to sleep, I will take care of you."
So the violets went to sleep.
The kind old tree dropped a red leaf
upon them.
Then leaf after leaf dropped down.
Soon the violets were all covered over.
Winter came but they were not afraid.
They were fast asleep under the leaves
of the kind old oak.

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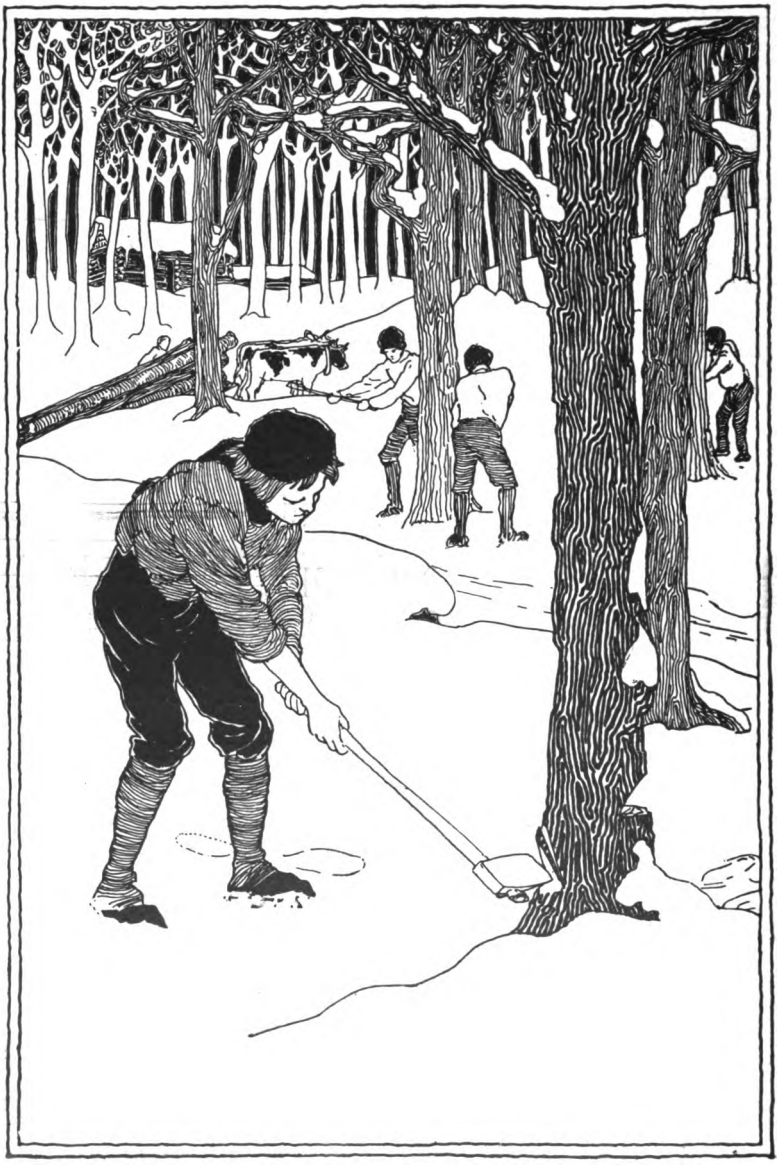

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IN THE WOODS.

Here are some woodmen.
They are in the deep woods.
Two woodmen are cutting down
a tree.
How fast they work!
See the ax go up and down.
Soon the tree will fall.
See! Down it comes!
Other woodmen cut off the boughs.
Then they cut the tree into logs.
By and by they will take the logs
to the water.
They will put the logs on the ice.
In the spring the warm sunshine
will melt the ice.
Then the water will carry the logs
down to the sawmill.

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THE HONEST WOODMAN.

A woodman was at work
near the water.
He was cutting down a large
oak-tree.

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You could hear the chip, chip, chip
of his ax.
He lifted the ax high over his head
to give a good blow.
The ax fell into the water.
The poor woodman looked down
into the deep water.
He said, "Oh! What shall I do?
I have lost my good ax!"

II

A kind fairy lived in the water.
She came up out of the water and said,
"My poor man, why are you crying?"
"Oh!" said the woodman.
"I have lost my good ax."
"Do not cry," said the fairy.
"I will get your ax for you."

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The fairy went down into the deep water.
Soon she came up with a gold ax.
"Is this your ax?" said the fairy.
"Oh, no!" said the woodman.
"That is not my ax."
The fairy again went down into the water.
Soon she came up with a silver ax.
"Is this your ax?" she said.
"Oh, no, no!" said the woodman.
"That is not my old ax."

III

Then the fairy said, "You shall have your ax."
She went down into the water again.
Soon she came up with a steel ax.

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"Oh, thank you!" said the happy woodman. "That is my ax. Now I can work."

"Yes," said the fairy, "this is your ax, but it is a steel ax. Did you not like the gold ax and the silver ax?"

"This is my ax," said the woodman. "The gold ax was not mine, and the silver ax was not mine."

"You are an honest woodman," said the fairy. "You would take only what is yours. So I will give you the gold ax and the silver ax."

The woodman carried home the gold ax, the silver ax and the steel ax. He was very, very happy.

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AN OLD RHYME.

If all the seas were one sea,
What a great sea that would be!
If all the trees were one tree,
What a great tree that would be!
If all the axes were one ax,
What a great ax that would be!
If all the men were one man,
What a great man that would be!
And if the great man took
the great ax,
And cut down the great tree,
And let it fall into the great sea,
What a great splash that would be!

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AT THE SEASIDE.

When I was down beside the sea
A wooden spade they gave to me
To dig the sandy shore.
My holes were empty like a cup,
In every hole the sea came up,
Till it could come no more.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

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LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.

Once upon a time there was a pretty little girl.

Her grandmother made her a pretty red hood.

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Then everyone called her Little Red Riding Hood.

One day her mother made some butter and a cake.

She put these into a basket and said, "Your grandmother is sick, Little Red Riding Hood.

Will you take this cake and butter to her?"

"Oh, yes, Mother!" said Little Red Riding Hood.

"I know the way to Grandmother's house."

She put on her red hood and kissed her mother.

"Good-by, Little Red Riding Hood," said her mother.

"Be a good girl and do not go out of the path."

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II

Little Red Riding Hood sang
as she went along.
When she came to the wood she met
a wolf.
Some woodmen were at work near by.
The wolf was afraid of the woodmen.

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So he said to Red Riding Hood,
"Good morning, little girl.
Where are you going?"
"I am going to see my grandmother,"
said Little Red Riding Hood.
"I have butter and a cake for her."
"Where does your grandmother live?"
said the wolf.
"She lives on the other side
of the wood," said Little Red
Riding Hood.
"The house is near three big trees."
"I will go to see your grandmother,
too," said the wolf.
He went beside Red Riding Hood
for a little way.
Then the wolf said, "Little Red
Riding Hood, see the pretty
flowers all around us.

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Why do you not pick some of them?"
"Grandmother loves flowers."
said Little Red Riding Hood.
"I will pick some to put in the basket
with the cake and butter."
So Little Red Riding Hood went
out of the path to look for flowers.
But the wolf ran through the wood
as fast as he could go.
He saw the grandmother's house
near three big oak trees.

III

The wolf ran to the house.
He knocked at the grandmother's
door, "Tap, tap, tap!"
No one came to the door.
He went into the house
and looked all around.

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The grandmother was not at home.
"Oh," said the wolf, "I know
what I will do!"
He put the grandmother's cap
on his head.
Then he lay down and covered
himself with the bed-clothes.
By and by Little Red Riding Hood
came to her grandmother's house.
She knocked at the door,
"Tap, tap, tap!"
"Who is there?" said the wolf
in a soft voice.
"It is I, Little Red Riding Hood."
"Come in," said the wolf.
"Good morning, Grandmother,"
said Little Red Riding Hood.
"I have butter and a cake for you.
Mother put them in my basket."

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"Put down your basket and come here,
my dear," said the wolf.
Little Red Riding Hood went
to the bed.

IV

"Oh, Grandmother, what big eyes
you have!"
"The better to see you, my dear."

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"What long ears you have,
Grandmother!"
"The better to hear you, my dear."
"What long arms you have,
Grandmother!"
"The better to hug you, my dear."
"Oh, Grandmother. what big teeth
you have!"
"The better to eat you, my dear."
But just then the woodmen came in.
The grandmother was with them.
The woodmen killed the wolf.
Then they took Little Red Riding
Hood home.
When Little Red Riding Hood
saw her mother she said,
"Oh, Mother! I will never go out
of the path again."

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THE SONG OF THE MILL-STREAM.

"Turn!" said the little stream.
"Turn! O turn! Turn! O turn!"
"Turn!" said the little stream
As it pushed against the wheel.
"I push, you know, to help you go,
To saw the logs and boards."

MILDRED AND PATTY HILL (*Adapted*).

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THE SAWMILL.

Zish! Zish! Zish! Hear the sawmill!
There it is by the water.
See the wheel go round and round.

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Splash! Splash! Splash!
Hear the water!
It falls upon the wheel and turns it
around.
Around and around goes the big
mill wheel.
Buzz! Buzz! Buzz!
What a busy sawmill!
All day long it saws the logs
into boards.
Here are boards to make houses
and barns.
Here are boards to make beds
and chairs.
Here are boards to make playthings
for girls and boys.
Work! Work! Work! All the day long!
Oh, see what good work the sawmill
can do!

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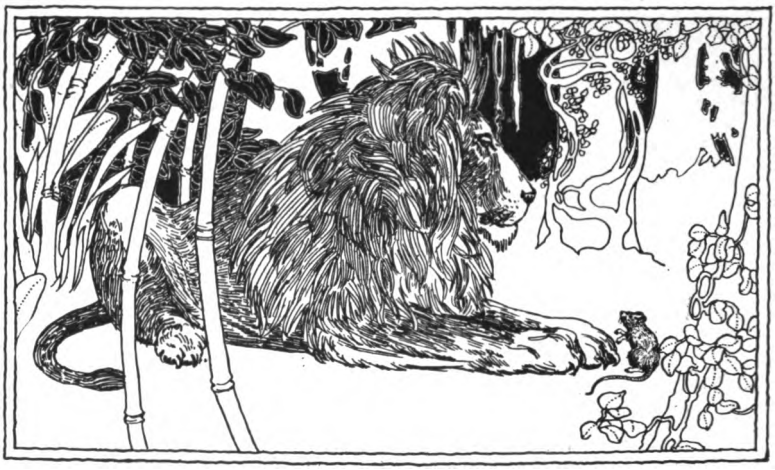

THE LION AND THE MOUSE.

One day a big lion was asleep
in the woods.
A mouse ran over the lion's paw.
The big lion caught the little mouse.
"Oh, Lion!" said the mouse.
"Let me go. Please let me go.
Some day, I will help you."
"How can you help me?"
said the lion.

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"You are too little to help a big lion."
But he lifted his paw and away
the mouse ran.

II

Some time after this the lion
was in the woods.
He was caught in a net.
He could not get out.
Just then the little mouse passed by.
"Oh, the poor lion!" said the mouse.
"How can I help him?"
She ran to the lion and said,
"Kind friend, I will help you."
The mouse cut the net
with her sharp teeth.
"Thank you," said the lion.
"I see that a mouse can help a lion."

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THE THREE LITTLE PIGS.

A mother pig had three little pigs.
Browny was a dirty pig. He liked to roll in the mud.
Whitey was a greedy pig. She would eat and eat and then cry for more.
Blacky was a good pig. He was bright and happy all day long.

II

One day the mother pig called the three pigs to her and said, "Browny! What kind of a house would you like?"
"I should like to have a mud house, Mother dear," said Browny.

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"And you, Whitey! What kind of a house shall I make for you?" said the mother.

"Oh, I should like a great big cabbage house, Mother!" said Whitey.

"Blacky dear! What kind of a house would you like?" said the mother pig.

"A brick house, please, Mother," said Blacky.

So the good mother pig made three houses.

Then the three little pigs went to live in them.

As they were going away the mother pig said, "If Mr. Fox comes to see you, do not let him in. He is not a friend."

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III

Browny was very happy in his
mud house.
One day there came a "Tap, tap!"
at the door.
A soft voice said, "Little pig!
Little pig! Let me come in."
"Who are you?" said Browny.
"I am a friend of your mother's,"
said the soft voice.
"I want to see your pretty house."
"Oh, no!" said Browny. "You
are not a friend. You are Mr. Fox.
You can not come in."
Then Mr. Fox made a hole
in the mud house.
He put Browny into a bag
and carried him away to his den.

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IV

The next day the old fox went
to Whitey's house.
Greedy little Whitey was eating
the cabbage that her house
was made of.
"Tap, tap!" came a knock at the door.
Then a soft voice said, "Little pig!
Little pig! Let me come in."
"Who are you?" said Whitey.
"A friend of your mother's,"
said Mr. Fox.
"I have something good for you
to eat."
"No, no! You can not come in.
You are not a friend," said Whitey.
Then Mr. Fox ate a big hole
in the cabbage house.

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He put Whitey into a bag
and carried her to his den.

Digitized by Google

V

The next day the fox went
to Blacky's house.
"Tap, tap!" came a knock at the door.
"Little pig! Little pig! Let me come in,"
said a soft voice.
"Who are you?" said Blacky.
"I am a friend of your mother's,"
said Mr. Fox.
"Oh, no! You are not," said Blacky.
"You can not come in.
You carried away Whitey
and Browny. You are not going
to get me."
Then Mr. Fox tried to knock down
the house.
But he could not get into Blacky's
strong brick house.

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VI

The next day Blacky went to town
to get a big kettle.
As he came back he saw Mr. Fox
in the woods.
"Oh, what shall I do!" said Blacky.
He had just come to the top of a hill.
At the foot of the hill he could see
his strong brick house.
Blacky got into the kettle.
It rolled over and over down the hill.
At the door of the brick house
Blacky jumped out.

VII

Blacky ran into the house as fast
as he could go.

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He put the kettle full of water
over the fire.
Mr. Fox was afraid when he saw
the big black kettle rolling
down the hill.
When he saw Blacky jump out
of the kettle he said,
"O ho! I will have you now."
He ran down to Blacky's house.
He tried the door but he could not
get in.
Then he went down the chimney.
He fell into the kettle of hot water.
Then Blacky went to get Whitey
and Browny.
Mr. Fox had carried them to his den
in the woods.
After that they all lived together
in Blacky's strong brick house.

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THE BOY AND THE NUTS.

Once there was a greedy little boy.
He saw some nuts in a pitcher.
He put his hand into the pitcher.
"I will take a big handful," he said.
But he could not take out
the handful of nuts.
He did not wish to drop the nuts.
At last he began to cry.
Just then his mother came
into the room.
"Why are you crying?" she said.
"I can not take this handful of nuts
out of the pitcher."
"Take one nut," said his mother.
"Then you can get your hand out."

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THE NEW MOON.

Dear mother, how pretty
The moon looks to-night!
She was never so pretty before.

Her two little horns
Are so sharp and so bright—
I hope she 'll not grow any more.

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If I were up there,
With you and my friends,
I 'd rock in it nicely, you see;

I 'd sit in the middle,
And hold by both ends.
Oh, what a bright cradle 't would be!

And there we would stay
In the beautiful skies,
And through the bright clouds
we would roam.

We would see the sun set
And see the sun rise,
And, on the next rainbow, come home.

ELIZA LEE FOLLEN.

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THE CARPENTER.

"Good morning, Mr. Carpenter.
May I come in?

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See, I have broken my sled.
Can you mend it for me?"
"Yes, I can mend it,"
said the carpenter.
"Here is a board but it is too long."
"Buzz! Buzz! Buzz!" sang the saw.
"Now I must plane it,"
said the carpenter.
"Zish! Zish! Zish!" said the plane.
"This board is just right,"
said the carpenter.
"Rap-a-tap, tap!" said the hammer.
As the carpenter works he sings
this song,
"Rap-a-tap, tap! Tick-a-tack, too!
Here is your sled as good as new."
"Thank you, Mr. Carpenter.
When I am a man I should like to
be a carpenter, too."

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SOMETHING TO TELL.

Where do we get wood?
How is wood used?
Find something in this room
made of wood.
Who cuts down the trees?
How do the logs get down
to the sawmill?
What do the men in the sawmill do?
Who has seen a carpenter at work?
Can you name the carpenter's tools?
Tell me something a carpenter makes.
Find something made with a hammer.
Find something made with a plane.
Find something made with a saw.
What tools have you?
What will you be when you are
a man?

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THE GINGERBREAD BOY.

A little old man and a little old woman lived together in a little old house.

The little old house was near a deep wood.

One morning the little old woman was baking gingerbread cakes.

She cut out some round gingerbread cakes.

Then she said to the little old man,

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"See! I have cut out a cake
to look just like a little boy."
Then she put The Gingerbread Boy
in the oven to bake.
Not long after the little old woman
went to the oven to look at
her cake.
Out jumped The Gingerbread Boy.
Away he ran as fast as he could go.
The little old woman and
the little old man ran after him,
but they could not catch him.

II

The Gingerbread Boy ran on and on.
At last he came to a barn
full of threshers.
As he went by the door he said,

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"I have run away from
A little old woman,
A little old man,
And I can run away from you,
I can, I can."
Then the threshers ran after him,
but they could not catch him.
The Gingerbread Boy ran on and on.
Soon he came to a field
full of mowers.
As he passed the field he called out,
"I have run away from
A little old woman,
A little old man,
A barn full of threshers,
And I can run away from you,
I can, I can."
Then the mowers ran after him,
but they could not catch him.

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III

The Gingerbread Boy ran on and on,
till he came to a cow.
He called out to the cow,
"I have run away from
A little old woman,
A little old man,
A barn full of threshers,
A field full of mowers,
And I can run away from you,
I can, I can."
Then the cow ran after him,
but she could not catch him.
The Gingerbread Boy ran on and on
Soon he met a fox and called out,
"I have run away from
A little old woman,
A little old man,

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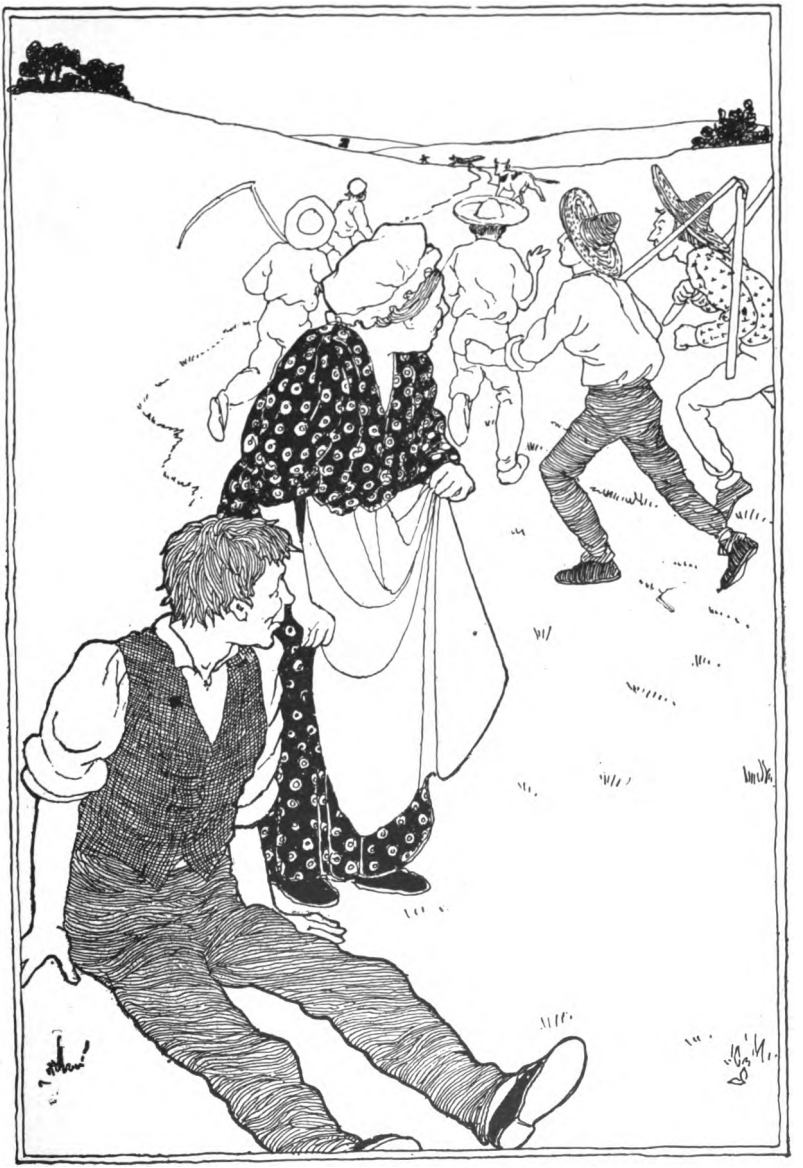

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A barn full of threshers,
A field full of mowers,
A cow,
And I can run away from you,
I can, I can."
Then the fox ran after him.

IV

Now a fox can run very fast.
On and on ran the fox until
he caught The Gingerbread Boy.
Then the fox began to eat him.
"Dear me!" said The Gingerbread Boy
"Here I am a quarter gone.
Now I am half gone.
I am three-quarters gone.
Oh, dear! I am all gone."
And he never spoke again.

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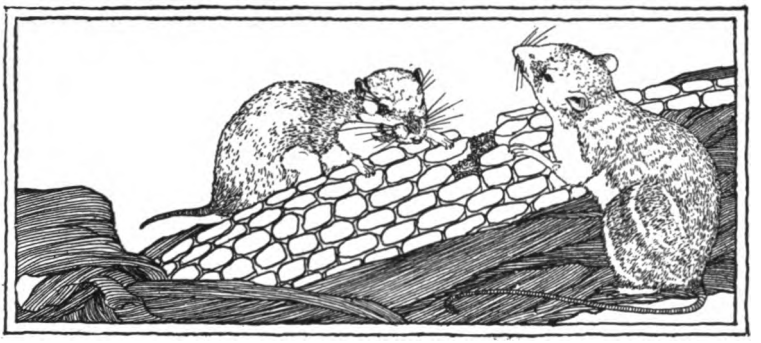

THE CITY MOUSE AND THE COUNTRY MOUSE.

One day a city mouse went to visit
a country mouse.
The country mouse lived in a field.
The two mice ran about the field
and had a happy time.
At last the country mouse said,
"We must have something to eat."
He gave the city mouse an ear of corn.
This was enough for the country mouse.
But the city mouse did not like it.

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So he said to the country mouse,
"My friend! Is this all you have to eat?
Come to the city and visit me.
I live in a beautiful house.
Come and see what good things
I have to eat."
So the two mice set off for the city.

II

After a while they came to the house where the city mouse lived.
Oh! What good things the city mouse set before the country mouse!
She had bread and cheese and cake.
"How good this is!"
said the country mouse.
"I wish I lived in the city."

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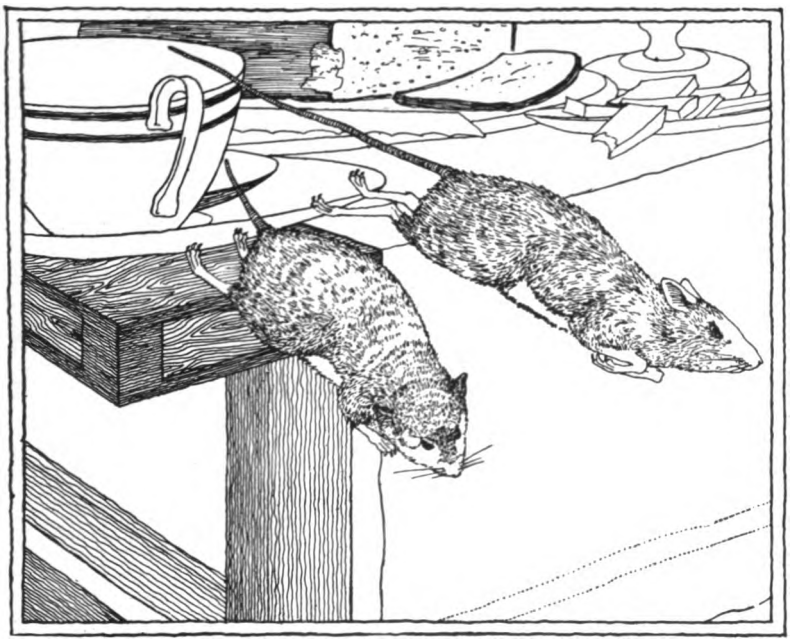

Just then a man came into the room.
The mice jumped down and ran
into a hole.
"Do not be afraid," said the city
mouse.
"The man can not find us."
By and by the man went away.

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Then the mice ran out of the hole
and again began to eat.

III

Soon a cat came into the room.
"The cat! The cat!" said the city
mouse.
Away ran the mice as fast as they
could go.
Poor little country mouse!
She said to the city mouse,
"Good-by, my friend, I am
going home.
In the country I am not afraid.
You have a beautiful house
and good things to eat.
But I like my corn better than
your cake."

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THE CITY MOUSE AND THE GARDEN MOUSE.

The city mouse lives in a house;
The garden mouse lives in a bower;
He's friendly with the frogs and toads,
And sees the pretty plants
in flower.

The city mouse eats bread and cheese;
The garden mouse eats what he can;
We will not grudge him seeds
and stalks,
Poor little timid, furry man.

CHRISTIANA G. ROSSETTI.

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THE MINER.

Here is a miner at work.
He is away down in a deep coal mine.

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The sun does not shine in the dark
coal mine.
So the miner has a little lamp
in his cap.
Now he can see the hard, black coal.
See him lift his pick ax.
Click, click, click-ity click!
Hear the song of the pick ax!
He digs out the coal with his sharp
pick.
All day long the busy miner
is at work.
At night he comes out of the dark
coal mine.
He gets into a strong iron basket.
Then he goes up, up, up,
out of the mine.
How happy he must be to see
the bright sunshine!

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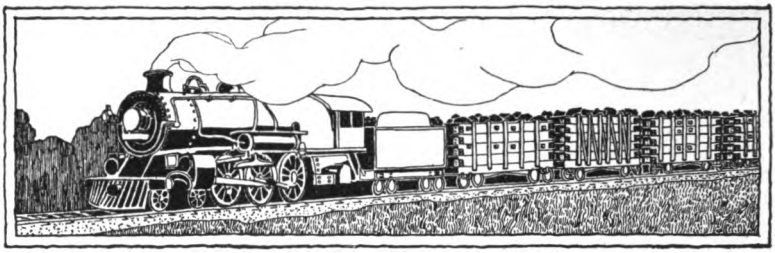

THE ENGINE.

"Puff, puff, puff!" Hear the engine!
It runs through field and wood.
It runs through the country
and the city.
"Puff, puff, puff!" See the long train.
The cars are full of coal.
They have come from the coal mine.
Next winter we shall be warm
and happy beside the fire.
Then we shall think of the busy
miner down in the dark mine.
"Puff, puff, puff!" Hear the engine!

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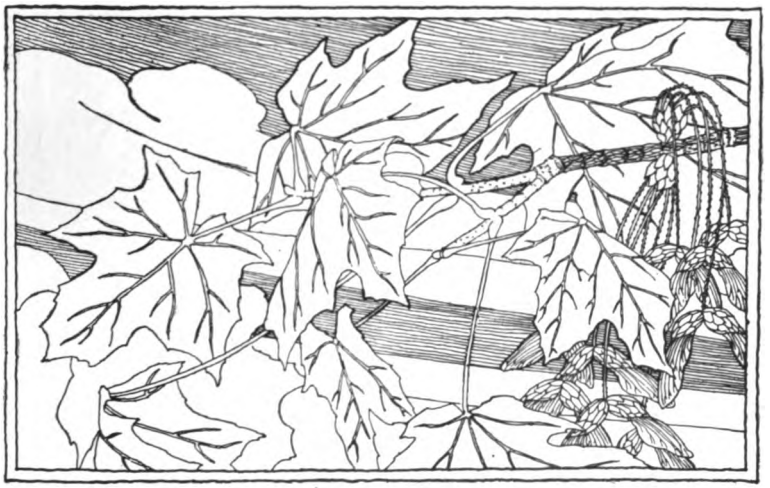

MAKING MAPLE SUGAR.

One warm spring morning
Father said, "Spring is here!
The sap will run to-day.
Come! We will tap the big
maple trees."
"Oh! Oh! What fun!"
said John and Mary.
"Here are the pails," said Father.

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"We will carry them down
to the maple trees."
Father made a hole in one
of the trees.
He put a spout in the hole.
Then he hung a pail under the spout.
Soon the sap began to run out.
Drop by drop it ran into the pail.
"It looks like water," said John.
"It tastes like water with a little
sugar in it," said Mary.

II

Father said, "I will tell you the story
of the sap.
All winter the maple trees were asleep.
When spring came the warm rain ran
down to the roots of the trees.

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'Awake!' said the rain, 'It is time
to grow.'
The bright sun looked down
and said to the trees,
'Awake! It is time for the sap to run.'
Sap helps the little buds to grow.
In the spring the maple tree
has more sap than it needs.
So we make a hole in the tree
and the sap runs out.
Maple sugar is made from the sweet
sap of the maple tree."

III

Near the maple trees there was
a log house.
The next morning father made
a hot fire in the log house.

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"Now we will go to the trees
and get the sap," said father.
He hung a big kettle over the fire.
They put the sap into this big kettle.
After a long time the sap was brown
and thick.
"Here is some good maple syrup,"
said father.
He put the syrup into pans.
There were big pans and little pans
and middle-sized pans.
"Here is a little pan for you, Mary.
This one is for you, John," said father.
"When the syrup is cold and hard
it will be maple sugar."

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THE WOODPECKER.

One day John was lying on the grass
under a big maple tree.
All at once he heard some one
tap on the tree.
"Tap, tip-y, tap, tap, tap! Tap, tip-y,
tap, tap, tap!"
John looked all around.
Then he looked up in the tree.
He saw a woodpecker making
a hole in the tree.
That is the way a woodpecker
builds his nest.
Some chips fell on the grass
beside John.
"Tap, tap!" went the busy
little carpenter.
How happy he was at his work!

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LITTLE GOODY TWOSHOES.

Once there was a little girl.
She was very poor.
She had but one old shoe.
A kind man gave her some new shoes.
Then the little girl was very happy.
She said to every one she met,
"See! Two shoes! Two shoes!"
So she was called Goody Twoshoes.

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II

Goody Twoshoes could not go
to school.
"I wish I could read," she said.
"I will ask the children to help me."
Every day she met the children
when they came home from school.
They let Goody Twoshoes take
their books.
Soon she could read better
than her friends.
"Now I can teach other children
to read," said Goody Twoshoes.
She made some letters out of wood.
She made nine sets of the small
letters:—

a b c d e f g h i j k l m
n o p q r s t u v w x y z.

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Then she made five sets of the large letters:—

A B C D E F G H I J K L M
N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z.

III

Little Goody Twoshoes put the letters in a basket.

She first went to little Billy's house.

She knocked at the door, "Tap, tap, tap!"

"Who is there?"

"Little Goody Twoshoes," she said. "I have come to teach Billy."

Little Billy ran to her and said, "Good morning, Goody Twoshoes."

"Good morning, Billy," said little Twoshoes.

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Goody Twoshoes put down the letters like this:—

b d f h k m o q s u w y z
a c e g i l n p r t v x j.

Billy picked them up and gave their names.

Then he put the letters like this:—

a b c d e f g h i j k l m
n o p q r s t u v w x y z.

Goody Twoshoes put down the large letters like this:—

B D F H K M O Q S
U W Y Z A C E G I
L N P R T V X J.

Billy picked them up and gave their names.

Then he put them like this:—

A B C D E F G H I J K L M
N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z.

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IV

Then she went to Sally's house.
Sally ran to her and said,
"Good morning, Goody Twoshoes."
"Good morning, Sally," said Goody Twoshoes.
"Can you read for me?"
"Yes, I can read for you," she said.
Sally took the letters out of the basket.
Then she made words like this:—
Book, read, school, sing.
She made other words from the letters.
Then Goody Twoshoes went to other houses.
All the children were glad to see their little teacher.

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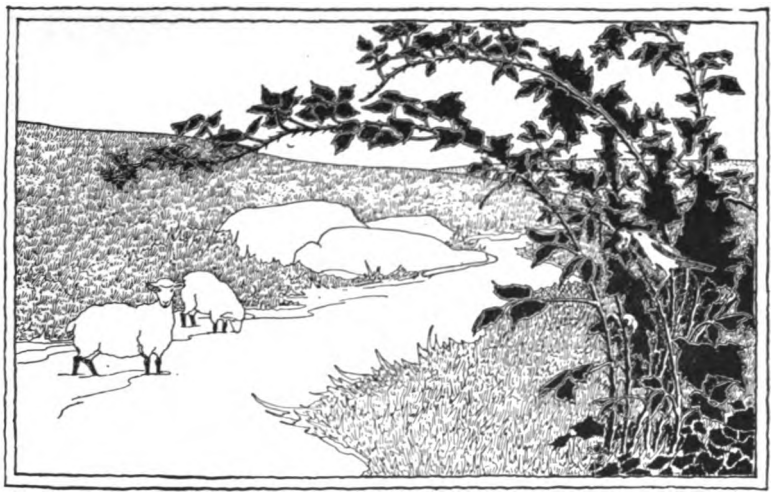

THE BRAMBLE BUSH AND THE LAMBS.

A bright happy brook ran through a pleasant meadow.
The horses and cows and sheep went there to drink.
When the sheep and lambs went down to drink they passed by the bramble bush.

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Sometimes the bramble bush
would pick off little pieces of wool.
The sheep did not like this.
So they said to the bramble bush,
"You are of no use.
We give the children wool to make
warm clothes for the winter."
The cows said, "We give
the children milk to drink."
The horses said, "We work for
the children and give them
pleasant rides."
But the bramble bush did not say
a word.

II

One spring morning two pretty birds
flew into a tree near the brook.

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The sheep were eating the sweet
green grass near by.
They heard a bird say,
"We must have something warm
and soft for our nest.
I will see what I can find."
He flew down and saw the white
wool on the bramble bush.
"This is what I want," said the bird.
"Thank you, Bramble Bush."
The bird took some of the wool
to his nest.
Then he flew away to tell
the other birds about the wool
on the bramble bush.
After that the sheep were kind
to Bramble Bush.
They often gave it wool for the birds
to use in making their nests.

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MARY'S LITTLE LAMB.

Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow;
And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go.

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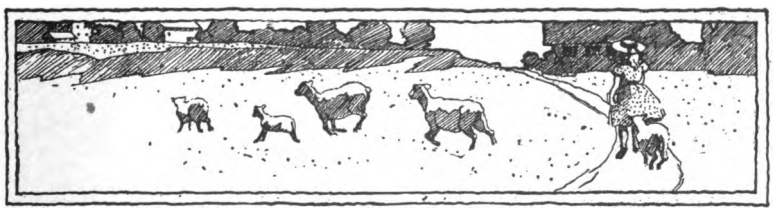
It followed her to school one day,
Which was against the rule;
It made the children laugh and play,
To see a lamb at school.

So then the teacher turned it out,
But still it lingered near,
And waited patiently about
Till Mary did appear.

"What makes the lamb love Mary so?"
The eager children cry;
"Why, Mary loves the lamb, you know,"
The teacher did reply.

SARAH J. HALE.



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SOMETHING TO TELL.

Was Mary's lamb white or black?
Where did the lamb go with Mary?
What did the children ask?
What did the teacher reply?
What did the children do?
What did the teacher do?
What did the lamb do?
What would you do if a lamb came to school?

Do you live in the city or the country?
Do you go to school?
What is your teacher's name?
Have you a book?
Can you read in it?
What book do you like best?
What story do you like best?

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THE PET LAMB.

Lucy lives on a farm.
One day she and Father went
to look at the sheep.
"Oh, Father!" she said. "What
a pretty lamb! May I have him?"
"Yes!" said Father. "You may."
Lucy named him Lambkin.
Every day she came and fed him.
Lambkin loved her for she was kind
to him.
He followed her all over the farm.
She did not like his dirty coat.
So Father washed Lambkin
in the brook.
Now "its fleece was white as snow."
All summer Lambkin was Lucy's
playmate. What fun they had!

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Digitized by Google

II

The next spring Father said, "I must
cut off Lambkin's wool.
He is too warm."
Lucy watched Father cut off
the pretty white fleece.
"I wish I could have something made
from Lambkin's wool," she said.
"I will make you some mittens,"
said Grandma.
Mother made the wool into soft yarn.
Then Grandma got her knitting
needles and went to work at once.
How the needles flew!
So Lucy had her wish.
She had some warm mittens made
from Lambkin's wool.

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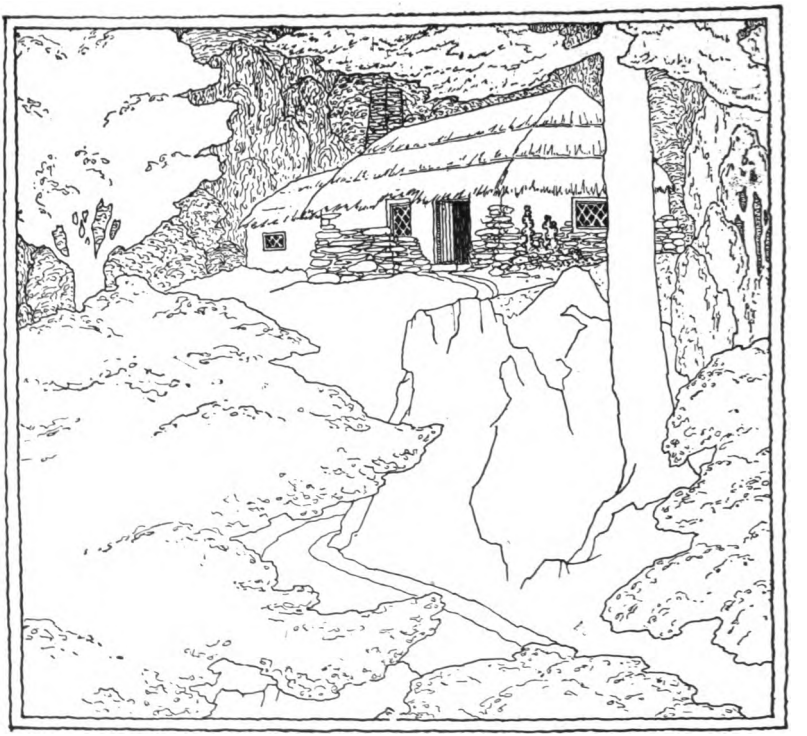

THE HOUSE IN THE WOOD.

A poor woodman lived in a little house near a great wood.
He had three little girls.
The oldest one did not like to work.

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The second one did not do as she was told.
But the youngest girl was good and kind.
One morning the woodman went to work.
He said to the oldest little girl,
"Bring me my dinner to-day.
I will drop seeds along the path.
Then you can find the way."
When the sun was high the oldest girl went into the wood.
But she lost her way, for the birds had picked up all the seeds.
On and on she went until it was dark.
At last she came to a little house in the wood.
There was a light at the window.

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II

She knocked at the door, "Tap, tap, tap!"
"Come in!" said a deep voice.
She went into the house.
An old man was sitting at a table.
Near him she saw a cock, a hen, and a spotted cow.
"May I stop here all night?" said the oldest girl.

Digitized by Google

The old man looked at the animals
and said,
"Pretty cock,
Pretty hen,
And you spotted cow,
What say you now?"
"Yes," said the animals.
The oldest girl cooked a good supper.
Then she and the old man sat down
at the table and ate it.
But she did not think of the poor
animals.
After supper the animals said,
"You eat and you drink,
Of *us* you do not think.
So you shall have no bed,
To rest your tired head."
Then she had to find her way home
alone through the dark wood.

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III

The next morning the woodman went
into the wood.
He said to the second little girl,
"Bring me my dinner to-day.
I will drop larger seeds along
the path.
Then you can find the way."
At noon the second girl set out.
But the blackbirds had picked up
all the seeds.

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She went on and on through
the wood.
At night she came to the little house
in the wood.
"May I stop here all night?"
said the second girl.
"I have lost my way."
The old man said,
"Pretty cock,
Pretty hen,
And you spotted cow,
What say you now?"
"Yes," said the animals.
The second girl cooked a good
supper.
Then she sat down and ate
and drank with the old man.
But the poor animals did not have
any supper.

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So they said,
"You eat and you drink,
Of *us* you do not think.
So you shall have no bed,
To rest your tired head."
Then she, too, had to find her way
home alone through the dark wood.

IV

The next morning the woodman said
to the youngest girl,
"Bring me my dinner to-day.
I will drop corn along the path.
Then you can find your way."
At noon the youngest girl went
into the wood.
The doves had picked up the corn
and she, too, lost her way.

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At night she saw a light and came
to the house in the wood.
"May I stop here all night?"
she asked.
The old man said to the animals,
"Pretty cock,
Pretty hen,
And you spotted cow,
What say you now?"
"Yes," said the three.
The youngest girl went over
to the animals and petted them.
She cooked a good supper
for the old man.
But before she sat down to eat
she gave the cow some hay.
Then she gave the cock
and the hen some corn.
"Eat this, dear animals," she said.

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"Then I will bring you some water."
After supper the animals said
to the old man,
"She is kind and good.
Let her stay with us,
In the house in the wood."

V

Just then the youngest girl saw
a bright light.
She covered her eyes.
When she looked up she was in
a beautiful castle.
The old man was gone.
He was now a king's son.
The three animals had changed
to three men.

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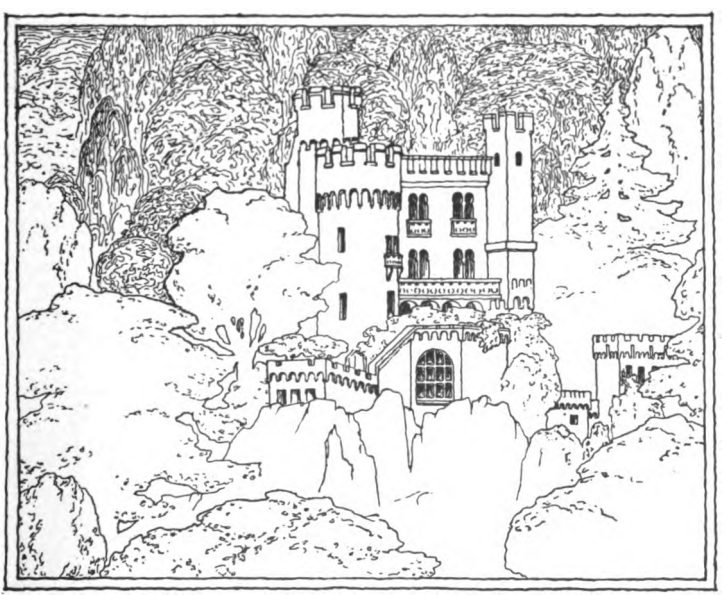
"You were kind and good
to my animals," said the king's son.
"So this is your castle."
Then the youngest girl sent
for her father and sisters.
They all lived happily together
in the beautiful castle.

JACOB AND WILLIAM GRIMM (ADAPTED).



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THE LITTLE PLANT.

In my little garden bed
Raked so nicely over,
First the tiny seeds I sow,
Then with soft earth cover.

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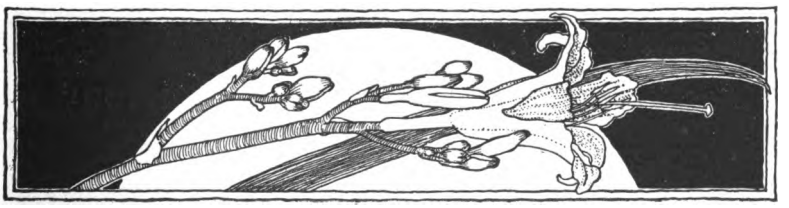
Shining down, the great round sun
Shines upon it often;
Little raindrops, pattering down,
Help the seeds to soften.

Then the little plant awakes!
Down the roots go creeping.
Up it lifts its little head
Through the brown earth peeping.

Higher and higher still it grows
Through the summer hours,
'Till some happy day the buds
Open into flowers.

EMILIE POULSSON.



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WORK AND PLAY.

Once there was a little girl named Amy.
She liked to play in the garden and hear the birds sing.
She said the flowers and birds talked to her.
One day her mother said, "Amy, you are a large girl now.
You must help me a little.
Every day I will give you something to do."
"Oh Mother!" said Amy, "I do not like to work.
Please let me go into the woods and play."
"Yes," said her mother. "You may go and play.

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I have no work for you to do
just now."
So away Amy ran through
the pleasant garden into the woods.

II

She saw a pretty squirrel and said,
"Dear squirrel, do you play
and eat nuts all day long?
You do not work, do you?"
"Not work?" said the squirrel.
"Why, I am busy now.
I must put these nuts in my nest
to eat next winter.
I can not stop to play with you."
Just then a bee flew by.
"Tell me, bee!" said Amy.
"Have you work to do?"

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Digitized by Google

"Buzz! Buzz!" said the bee.
"I am busy now getting honey
from the flowers.
I can not stop to play with you."
Amy walked through the woods.
By and by she met an ant
with a piece of sugar.
"I wish you would come and play
with me," said Amy.
"I am too busy to play with you,"
said the ant.
"I must carry this sugar home
for the little ants to eat."

III

Amy sat down under a tree
to think about it.

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"The squirrels, the bees, and the ants
work from morning till night,"
said Amy.
"I will ask the flowers if they
have to work."
So she ran into the garden.
"Do flowers have to work?"
she said to a pretty red clover.
"My dear Amy," said the red clover,
"the flowers must all work.
We are busy now making honey
for the bees.
That is why we are so happy."
Amy ran home to her mother
and said, "I have come back
to help you, Mother dear.
The squirrels, the bees, the ants
and the flowers all have work to do.
I should like to work, too."

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"You may help me sew," said her mother.

"Then you will be happy, like the squirrels, the bees, the ants, and the flowers."

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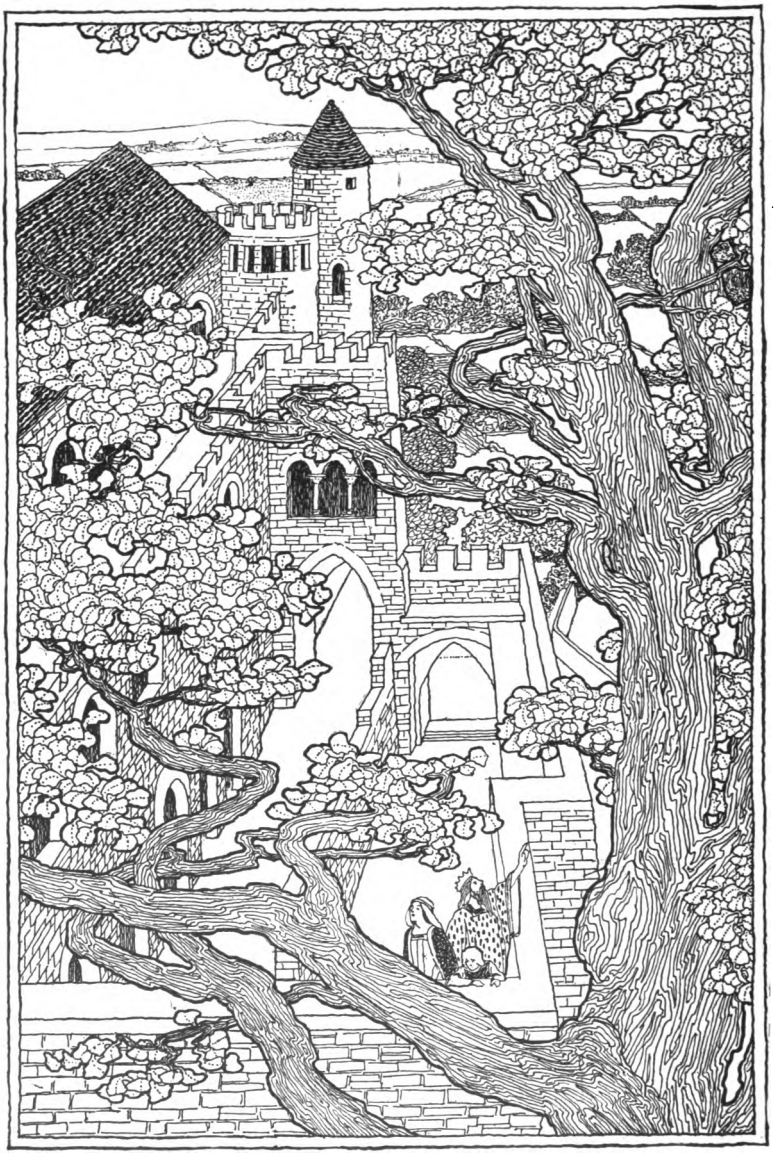

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THE THREE BROTHERS.

Once there were three brothers.
Not far from where they lived
was the king's castle.
A large oak tree grew beside
the door.
It made the castle very dark.
So the king said, "This tree must
be cut down."
But no one could cut it down.
The more they cut the larger
the tree grew.
The king's castle was on a high hill.
Every drop of water had to be
carried up the hill.
So the king said, "I must have
a well that will hold water
all the year."

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But no one could dig the well.
At last the king said, "I will give
half my kingdom to the man
who will cut down the tree
and dig the well."

II

The three brothers set out to go
to the king's castle.
On their way they passed through
a great wood.
By and by they heard something
chopping and cutting.
"I wonder what it is that is cutting
and chopping," said the youngest
brother.
"Did you never hear woodmen before?"
asked the brothers.

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"Oh, yes!" said the youngest brother.
"But I should like to know what
it is that we hear.
I am going to find out."
So away he went.
Far off in the woods he saw an ax
chopping all alone.
"Good morning, Ax," he said.
"Are you cutting here
all by yourself?"
"Yes," said the ax.
"I have been chopping here
a hundred years, waiting for you."
"Well, here I am," said the youngest
brother.
He put the ax in his bag.
Then he ran off to catch up
with his brothers.

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III

The three brothers walked on together.
By and by they came to a high hill.
They heard something picking
and digging.
"I wonder what it is that is picking,"
said the youngest brother.
"Did you never hear a woodpecker
before?" asked the brothers.
"Yes, I have," said the youngest
brother.
"But I should like to know
what it is that we hear.
I am going to find out."
The brothers laughed at him,
but away he went.
Far off in the wood he saw a pick
digging all alone.

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"Good morning, Pick," he said.
"Are you digging here all by yourself?"
"Yes," said the pick.
"I have been picking here
a hundred years, waiting for you."
"Well, here I am," said the youngest brother.
He put the pick in his bag.
Then he ran down to his brothers.

IV

On they went together until
they came to a brook.
They sat down there to rest
and to get a drink of water.
"I wonder where the brook comes from,"
said the youngest brother.
"Well, did you never see a brook
before?" asked the brothers.

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"Yes," he said, "but I wonder where
it comes from."
So he followed the brook.
At last he saw a tiny stream come out
of a walnut.
"Good morning, Walnut," he said.
"Are you here all alone?"
"Yes," said the walnut.
"The water has been running here
a hundred years, waiting for you."
"Here I am," said the youngest brother.
He put some moss in the hole
in the walnut.
Then he put it in his bag.
"Did you find where the water
came from?" asked the brothers.
"Yes," said the youngest brother.
"It came out of a hole."

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V

The three brothers walked on until
they came to the king's castle.
So many men had tried to cut down
the tree that it was now very large.
At last the king said, "Every man
who tries to cut the tree and can
not do it must leave the country."
The oldest brother tried to cut down
the tree.
But when the tree grew larger they
sent him out of the country.
Then the second brother tried.
He could not do it, so they sent him
out of the country.
"Now it is my turn,"
said the youngest brother.
He took his ax from the bag,
and cut into the tree.

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Digitized by Google

"My ax, cut for yourself," he said.
The ax chopped and chopped.
Soon the great oak tree fell down.
Then he took his pick from the bag.
"My pick, dig for yourself," he said.
You never saw such picking
and digging.
Soon it had dug a great deep hole.
Next he took out his walnut.
He took the moss from the hole,
then dropped the walnut far down
into the well.
"Water, run," he said.
Soon the well was full of water.
The youngest brother had cut down
the tree and dug the well.
The king gave him half of his kingdom.

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THE LARK AND HER LITTLE ONES.

A lark built her nest in a field of wheat.

After a while there were five little larks in the nest.

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One day the farmer and his son
came into the field.
The farmer looked at the wheat
and said, "This wheat is ripe.
It must be cut.
We will get our friends to come
and help us."
"Oh, Mother!" said the little ones.
"The farmer says the wheat
must be cut.
What shall we do?
We are not strong enough to fly."
"We need not fly away to-day,"
said the mother lark.
"But are you not afraid?"
asked the little ones.
"No," said the mother lark.
"The farmer's friends will not cut
his wheat."

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II

In a day or two the farmer
and his son came again to the field.
"Where are your friends?"
said the farmer.
"This wheat is ripe. It must be cut."
But the farmer's friends did not come
to help him.
At last the farmer said to his son,
"This wheat must be cut.
In the morning I will cut it myself.
You may help me, my son."
"Oh, Mother!" said the little ones,
"Must we fly away to-day?"
"Yes," said the mother lark.
"It is time for us to fly away.
In the morning the wheat
will be cut."

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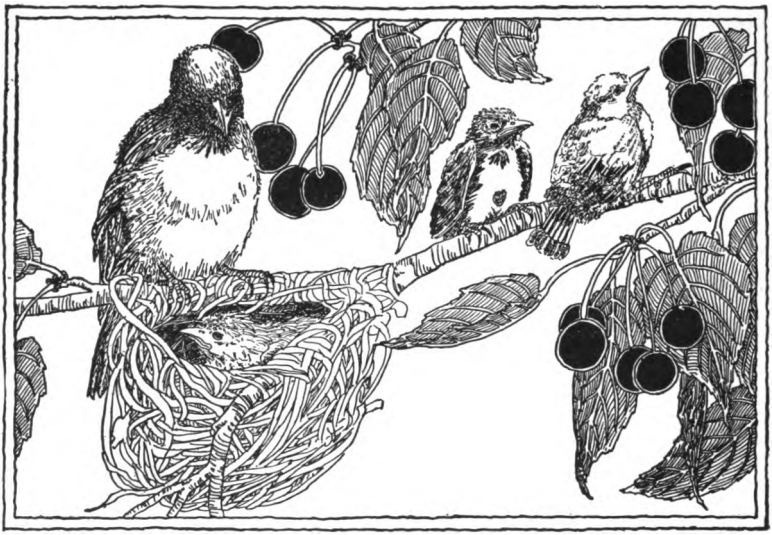

MORNING SONG.

What does little birdie say,
In her nest at peep of day?
"Let me fly," says little birdie;
"Mother, let me fly away."
Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger.
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away.

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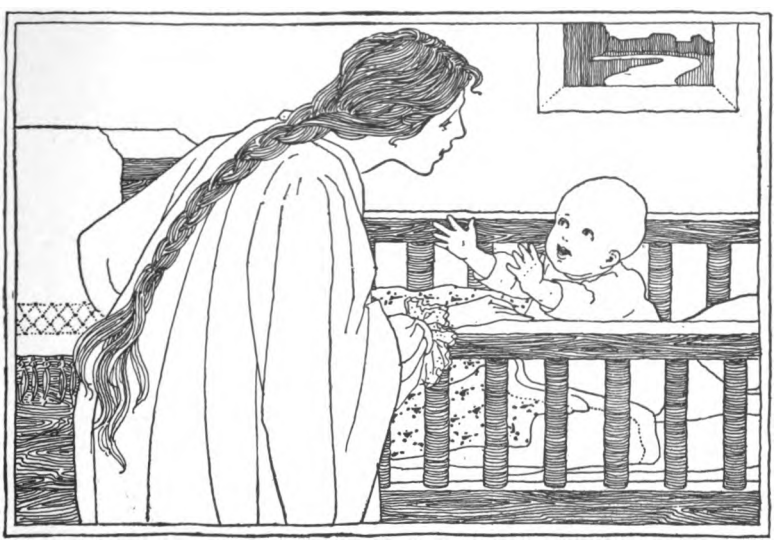
What does little baby say,
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says, like little birdie,
"Let me rise and fly away."
Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger.
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby, too, shall fly away.

ALFRED TENNYSON.



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ALPHABET.

A	a	N	n
B	b	O	o
C	c	P	p
D	d	Q	q
E	e	R	r
F	f	S	s
G	g	T	t
H	h	U	u
I	i	V	v
J	j	W	w
K	k	X	x
L	l	Y	y
M	m	Z	z

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WORD LIST.

THE following is a list of the words used in the First Reader, omitting those previously used in the Primer. They are grouped by pages, in the order in which they first occur.

5 apple
6 came
waken
kissed
sang
fell
7 doth
shall
himself
hide
head
8 blew
off
stronger
than
coat
9 now
very
soon
10 seen
neither
nor
leaves
hang
trembling
10 passing
through
their
11 work
does
spring
summer
autumn
winter
12 leaf-bud
13 sunshine
dresses
give
14 passed
danced
were
covered
15 pine
long
needles
wish
should
gold
bag
17 happy
17 glass
broken
18 goat
19 best
20 ant
near
dropped
21 shore
gun
tried
shoot
bit
foot
helped
23 brook
running
would
stay
boat
carry
heard
never
could
find
24 raindrops

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24 sky
home
fishes
25 together
26 Golden Locks
bears
middle-sized
27 bowls
tasted
right
drank
28 chair
29 hard
bed
lay
31 voice
been
tasting
gone
sitting
32 lying
33 looking
jumped
34 fox
crow
cheese
must
looked
35 falling
35 king
met
Henny Penny
37 last
Cocky Locky
Ducky Lucky
38 Turkey Lurkey
39 Foxy Loxy
den
43 swing
air
think
pleasantest
child
wall
till
wide
rivers
cattle
countryside
garden
roof
44 kind
old
oak
45 violets
afraid
47 woodmen
cutting
47 ax
logs
ice
melt
48 honest
large
49 chip
lifted
lost
fairy
lived
why
crying
50 silver
steel
52 mine
only
53 rhyme
great
axes
men
splash
54 seaside
beside
wooden
spade
dig
sandy
holes

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54 empty
cup
more
55 Riding Hood
56 called
these
sick
path
57 wolf
59 pick
knocked
door
tap
60 cap
61 better
62 arms
hug
teeth
killed
63 stream
O
pushed
against
wheel
boards
64 zish
65 buzz
busy
66 lion
66 paw
caught
let
please
67 net
him
cut
sharp
69 Browny
dirty
mud
Whitey
greedy
Blacky
70 cabbage
brick
Mr.
71 carried
72 next
eating
knock
75 kettle
back
got
rolled
76 full
fire
rolling
ho
76 chimney
77 pitcher
handful
drop
began
cry
room
78 before
hope
she 'll
any
79 I 'd
nicely
sit
hold
both
ends
't would
beautiful
skies
clouds
roam
set
rise
rainbow
80 carpenter
81 sled
mend
plane

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81 rap-a-tap
hammer
tick-a-tack
new
82 used
tools
83 gingerbread
woman
baking
84 oven
threshers
85 mowers
88 quarter
half
spoke
89 city
country
mice
visit
enough
90 while
93 bower
friendly
toads
grudge
seeds
stalks
timid
furry
94 miner
coal
95 dark
lamp
click
click-ity
96 engine
puff
train
cars
97 maple
sugar
sap
pail
99 spout
hung
story
roots
100 awake
buds
needs
101 thick
syrup
pans
102 woodpecker
tip-y
builds
103 Goody Twoshoes
104 school
read
children
books
nine
small
105 five
first
Billy
teach
107 picked
108 Sally
words
glad
teacher
109 horses
lambs
110 pieces
use
rides
111 about
often
112 fleece
sure
113 followed
rule
laugh
still
lingered

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113 waited
patiently
appear
eager
reply
115 pet
Lucy
lambkin
loved
fed
washed
playmate
117 watched
mittens
yarn
knitting
118 oldest
119 second
youngest
bring
dinner
light
120 cock
spotted
121 animals
cooked
supper
table
rest
121 tired
alone
122 larger
125 petted
hay
126 castle
son
changed
127 sent
128 raked
tiny
sow
earth
cover
129 shining
shines
pattering
soften
creeping
lifts
peeping
higher
hours
open
130 Amy
liked
talked
131 bee
133 getting
133 honey
134 ask
clover
135 sew
136 brothers
well
year
138 kingdom
chopping
wonder
asked
139 yourself
hundred
waiting
140 walked
picking
digging
laughed
141 until
143 walnut
moss
144 tries
146 such
dug
147 lark
150 birdie
longer
flies
151 limbs

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